

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS" IF CROSS, BILIOUS OR FEVERISH.



No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out of sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mother can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Adv.

They're All Intrepid.

"Just a moment before you start to writing your interview with Flappers, the aviator," said the city editor.

"Yes, sir," replied the youthful reporter.

"See if you can't describe him without using 'intrepid.' The word has been a trifle overworked in connection with airmen."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

END INDIGESTION. EAT ONE TABLET

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN INSTANTLY RELIEVES ANY DISTRESSED, UPSET STOMACH.

Lumps of undigested food causing pain. When your stomach is acid, gassy, sour, or you have flatulence, heartburn, here is instant relief—No waiting!



Just as soon as you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all that dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress ends. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin never fail to make sick, upset stomachs feel fine at once, and they cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

With one foot in the grave it doesn't take a man long to go there with both feet.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its strengthening, invigorating force. Price 50c.

If riches didn't have wings they would be but few high flyers.

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."

"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.

Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

Relieve that Cough by taking DICKS'

Pine Tar & Honey

Compound of Honey, Tar, Wild Cherry, Ipecac, Muriate of Ammonia and Peppermint. It is fine for recent and chronic Coughs and Colds. 25c a bottle.

WHY NOT TRY IT?

Any farmer who raises grades would realize larger profits if he raised purebred SHORTHORNS. They don't require any more room, nor any more feed, nor any better care than the grades should have. But they sell for more money. A Kansas farmer produced 12 head from one registered Short-horn cow in 12 years. Two brothers in Wisconsin produced 12 head from one in 14 years. The value counts up when you're breeding purebreds. American Short-horn Breeders' Association, 15 Dexter Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

APT DESCRIPTION OF PASTOR

Child's Characterization Well Drawn, Though Possibly Not Flattering to the Good Man.

Little Caroline and her grandmother went to church one Sunday morning recently. It had been some time since the small lady had attended and things and faces were new and strange.

After returning home she sat in a quiet study.

"What are you thinking of, dear?" grandma asked.

"Who was that fluffy man?" was the reply.

"What man, pet? I do not know which one you mean."

"That man, I mean," Caroline said with an indignant frown.

"I can't tell, dear, which one that is."

"Well," said little Caroline, evidently fully disgusted, "I mean the fluffy man that talks while we keep still."

The pastor happened to be a rather short, stout man with a good supply of hair and this was her unusual way of describing him.

A lady advises girls never to marry a man who talks loud—that advice is certainly sound.

When a man is making money people expect him to pay for what he gets.

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The Goat Degree

By AUGUSTUS WITFIELD

(Copyright)

I entered Carlock's apartments and found him swinging in a hammock. He gave me a quick glance and heaved a deep sigh.

"Why so melancholy?" I inquired.

"My dear Watchem," he answered, "I had hopes that your afternoon would be at my disposal, but, of course, since you are going to the ball game with Emmons, I cannot look for you to assist me in the mysterious case of O. B. C. Osofat."

"Who told you I am going to the ball game?" I asked.

"Why, Watchem," he answered, "the truth is self-evident. You are wearing your somber garments on a weekday. You can have put them on only for the purpose of lending color to the yarn you told your chief that your grandmother is to be buried this afternoon."

"As she has died at least a dozen times to my knowledge, I can deduce but one thing, and that is that the interment will be at the usual place."

"Carlock," I commented, "you are right. But what gets me is that you know I am going with Emmons."

"Easiest thing out," replied Carlock. "Emmons came in and tried to borrow a dollar from me. Said he was going to the ball game. Ergo, he must be going with you or he wouldn't have to borrow the money."

"Carlock," I said in amazement, "you're a wonder. But tell me, why are you swinging in a hammock?"

"Because I enjoy the suspense," he replied. "Suspense stimulates the mental faculties, and, besides, a hammock affords free way to the imagination."

"Have you discovered any clew to the mysterious disappearance of the case of Fat-Reducio which was consigned to O. B. C. Osofat, and which was lost while in transit on the Pole-to-Pole railway?" I asked.

"Before answering your query," replied Carlock, "I wish to refresh your memory on the subject. You remember it was while I was engaged on the famous case of the Gold Coupler that O. B. C. Osofat came to me with the astounding information that a case of Fat-Reducio had disappeared in transit on the Pole-to-Pole railway."

"Mr. Osofat had ordered the preparation with the idea of reducing his excessive weight, and, in anticipation of the results which had been guaranteed by the manufacturers, he had donated most of his clothing to the home for obese octogenarians, and had ordered a liberal supply of new ones to fit a man weighing a hundred pounds less, or one hundred and seventy-six pounds."

"The preparation had been consigned to him by the manufacturers at Phantasmia, and was receipted for in good order by the Pole-to-Pole at Patrickgonia. Somewhere between that point and this city it disappeared completely. The resources of the road have been exhausted, and as a last resort my marvelous powers have been enlisted in an effort to solve the mystery."

"Mr. Osofat is one of the largest stockholders of the road, and, consequently, the directors are especially anxious to please him, as they realize that heavy stockholders are not to be made light of."

Carlock paused, and, opening his medicine chest, he handed me a pep-sin tablet.

"What is this for?" I asked.

"Take it," he replied. "It will help you to digest the evidence."

I did as he directed, and he continued.

"When I took hold of the case there was absolutely nothing to work on. After infinite pains I discovered that the baggage car of the train that received the case at Patrickgonia was in charge of Pud Judson, one of the heavyweight baggage smashers of the road. I looked up his antecedents and found that he had lots of first-class records, which he used on his phonograph. He was credited with being as straight as a string, but considerably thicker."

"I also discovered that, after reaching New York on that trip, Pud had disappeared and was missing for four weeks. When he finally reported for duty he had grown considerably thinner. The cause of his falling off in weight has never been explained."

"As the case now stands, I remarked, 'what do you make of it?'"

By logical deduction, I arrive at the conclusion that Pud Judson is responsible for the disappearance of the case of Fat-Reducio, and I propose to fasten the crime on him."

Precisely at three-thirty, the indicator on the wall announced that Pud Judson had entered the building, and was even then on his way to Carlock's apartments. In a minute or so the elevator stopped, and then there was a knock at the door. Carlock opened it, admitting a short, emaciated man in a railroad man's uniform.

"You sent for me?" he asked, addressing the great detective.

"I summoned you," said Carlock. "Be good enough to note the distinction. A professional man never sends for any one."

Carlock surveyed Judson critically, having taken a post-graduate course in surveying at a correspondence

school. Suddenly he made the startling accusation:

"Judson, you are short!" Judson cowered.

"Only a matter of fifty shares or so," he asserted.

"I do not refer to your petty market speculations," said Carlock severely. "I refer to your weight. You have lost about a hundred pounds. Had you lost this weight in a legitimate manner it would not have been necessary for me to summon you, but since you have usurped the loss which should have been another's, it is my duty to secure from you a statement of the facts."

"I do not know what you mean," asserted Judson.

"You know that on your last run there was a case of Fat-Reducio consigned to O. B. C. Osofat of this city. You also know that when you reached here the case had disappeared."

"But why accuse me of knowing what became of it? If the case was lost, I do not see how I am to blame for it," protested Judson.

"Judson," said Carlock, "a crime has been committed, and it is necessary that the criminal be found. You were in that car alone with the case of Fat-Reducio. You are known to have often expressed dissatisfaction with your excessive weight."

"In the solitude of your car, you succumbed to the temptation, and when no eye was on you, you ate up that case. Come, man, you may as well admit it. I know what I am talking about."

"I did not eat it," said Judson. "I was not in the car alone. There was a goat on board. It was consigned to a cattle show in Kentucky. I tell you I know nothing about it."

"Watchem," said Carlock, turning to me, "this is the toughest case I've ever tackled. I've got to get an admission out of him at any cost. The directors have ordered me to make a report as quickly as possible."

He turned, and, opening his safe, he took a handful of gold pieces from his cash-box. Placing the gold on the table, he addressed Judson:

"Did you ever see this before?"

"No," replied Judson.

"It is yours," insinuated Carlock.

"No, no," moaned Judson. "I wish it was."

"It is yours," repeated Carlock. "Come, now, like a good fellow, admit that you ate the Fat-Reducio."

"I do not understand," wailed Judson. "But if you say the money is mine, perhaps I am mistaken. Perhaps I did eat the Fat-Reducio."

"The money is yours," Carlock assured him. "Come, now, admit that you ate the case of Fat-Reducio."

"Mine—all mine!" exclaimed Judson joyfully. "Yes, I think I did eat it."

He picked up the gold-pieces and let them flow from one hand to the other. Then he put them into his pocket.

"You did it," persisted Carlock. "You know you did it."

"Yes; I did it," said Judson wearily.

"Whew!" exclaimed Carlock. "That was a tough job. Twenty minutes, by the clock. Did you photograph it, Watchem?"

"Yes," I replied; "it is all on record."

Carlock dismissed Judson, and proceeded to transcribe a full report of the confession. He was a lightning operator on the typewriter, and I watched the sparks flying from the machine as he wrote.

"Are you not afraid of setting fire to the paper?" I asked.

"No danger," he replied. "I use asbestos safety-paper."

As he finished his labors, the postman entered and handed him a large, legal-looking letter.

Carlock passed it to me and asked me to read it to him.

I broke the seal and opened it. Clearing my throat, I read:

HOOF, HORN & HIDE,
Goat Breeders,
Venezuela, S. A.

Mr. Carlock B. Jones, New York, U. S. A.

Dear Mr. B. Jones—We are addressing you as the head of the detective staff of the Pole-to-Pole railway, and beg to report to you that some time since we shipped one of our prize fat goats over your road to the Kentucky Agricultural Fair. The goat was a beautiful specimen, weighing 220 pounds.

Shortly after its delivery to the Agricultural show people commenced to lose weight, and in the short space of one week it lost the amazing sum of 100 pounds. It is needless to note that the goat was unfit for show purposes, and we were compelled to withdraw it.

We determined to investigate the cause of this loss in weight, and our Mr. Arsenic Loo Ping was assigned to the job. With the greatest ease he located the man who had charge of the baggage-car in which the goat had made the trip to Kentucky.

He found him in New York suffering from a mysterious malady, and, disguising himself as a trained nurse, he gained admission into the sick-room. He was rewarded by learning from the delirious ravings of Pud Judson that a case of Fat-Reducio in the car had been entirely consumed by our prize fat goat.

We propose to enter suit against the Pole-to-Pole railway for damages sustained by us through your carelessness in transporting our goat.

Mr. Arsenic Loo Ping sends you his greetings, and assures you that you will have to get up early to beat him.

Very sincerely,
Hoof, Horn & Hide.

"Carlock," I commented, "it looks to me as though Pud Judson has the best of you. There seem to be two goats in this case."

"No," replied Carlock bitterly. "There is only one. I'm it."

Calomel Loses You a Day's Work! Take Dodson's Liver Tone Instead

Read my guarantee! If bilious, constipated or head-achy you need not take nasty, sickening, dangerous calomel to get straightened up.

Every druggist in town—your druggist and everybody's druggist has noticed a great falling off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it, while Dodson's Liver Tone is perfectly safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist. Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle doesn't cost very much, but if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, you have only

to ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience all the next day like violent calomel. Take a dose of calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak, sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day's work! Take Dodson's Liver Tone instead and feel fine, full of vigor and ambition.—Adv.

THE RIGHT WAY...

In all cases of Distemper, Pinkeye, Influenza, Colds, etc., of all horses, brood mares, colts, stallions, is to

"SPOHN THEM"

On their tongue or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routs the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are thing injurious. A child can safely take it. Sold by druggists, harness dealers or sent express paid by the manufacturers. Special Agents Wanted.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

BLACKMANS MEDICATED SALT BRICK

**STOCK
LICK IT**

HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP & HOGS

**STOCK
LIKE IT**

DROP BRICK IN FEED BOX

CONTAINS COTTONSEED OIL, SULPHUR FOR THE BLOOD, SALT PETER FOR THE KIDNEYS, NUX VOMICA A TONIC AND PURE BARY SALT. USED BY VETERINARIANS 12 YEARS. NO DOSING. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR BLACKMANS OR WRITE.

BLACKMAN STOCK REMEDY COMPANY Chattanooga, Tenn.

HAD AIMED A LITTLE LOW

Gunner's Error Probably the Only Thing That Saved Flock of Blackbirds From Annihilation.

A party of gentlemen at a hotel were telling stories one night recently of famous shots and how many quails, partridges, ducks and other birds had been killed at a single discharge. After listening to what seemed a willful exaggeration by different narrators, a stranger who was present volunteered his experience of his only use of the fatal double-barreled gun as follows:

"I went into the field one day to try gunning. The only game discovered was an immense flock of blackbirds. I should say there were 10,000 in the flock. Slowly I crawled up to them, and when not more than four rods away the birds rose in a solid mass. I fired both barrels, and how many do you think I killed?"

Different guesses were made by the party, ranging from 20 to 100.

"Not one," said the stranger, "but I went out with my brother to look for the results, and picked up four bushels of legs. I had shot a little under."

A man may be ignorant of the law, but the ignorance of his lawyer is always inexcusable.

And many a bird fell asleep resting on his laurels.

THEMES FOR THE NOVELIST

Good Material Might Be Found in the Personal "Ads" Inserted in London Times.

For the unique in advertising the columns of the London Times are almost unrivaled. What pictures might be conjured up by the following ad: "It is hoped that the late colonel who, metaphorically speaking, sat on an unoffending subaltern in a West end tube train a day or two ago, has now discovered his mistake and makes peace with the third party."

And what possibilities for a present-day Dickens are contained in this: "Bank of England note received. We thank unknown friend, whose gift relieves much anxiety."

In lighter vein, but of serious purpose is the following:

"Notice—If the pet goat left with me October last by Mrs. H. L. is not claimed within seven days, it will be sold to defray expenses."

And here is something that E. Phillips Oppenheim ought to look into:

"Will the officer whose champagne glass was overturned at Cafe Royal Wednesday evening, January 22, communicate at Savoy hotel with gentleman whose card he has?"

Good Name.

She—The new winter color is called "Messenger Boy Blue."

He—Why so?

She—It's guaranteed not to run.

No Table Drink Has Ever Taken The Place Of

The Original POSTUM CEREAL

Boil just like coffee—15 minutes boiling begins. Its delicious flavor, seal brown color and fine aroma make such a satisfying cup that Postum is ideal drink with meals for both child and grown people.

Used in place of coffee it provides a health drink. Contains no drugs, no caffeine as does coffee; doesn't make you nervous, sleepless or fretful.

"There's a Reason"

At Grocers—two sizes 15c & 25c.

A Delicious Mixture of Wheat & Barley

For health value,
sound nourishment and a
sweet nut-like
flavor impossible in a product made of wheat alone, eat

Grape-Nuts